

"SHREWSBURY"

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

was merely a messenger and knew nothing of the matter on which I was there, nor for whom they took me.

His face, which for a second or two had blazed with excitement, fell, and when I had done speaking he laughed.

"Don't you?" he said. "No," said I, "not a great."

"So it seems," he said again, as if that set-ed it. "Well, then, what is your name?" 'Charles Taylor." I answered. 'And you come from that rogue, Ferg-R.

F., I mean?" "Well, then you can go back to him," he

dismissing me with a nod. "Or wait. Did you know that gentleman, my friend?" "Which?" said I. The tall one.

"Not from Adam," I said,

Then there is no need should," he answered, coolly. "So go, and do you tell that old fox to lie close. He was never in anything yet but he spoiled it. was never in anything yet but he sponsor.

Tell him to the close and keep his bragging tongue quiet if he can. And now be off. I

She curtised demurely, standing in the candesid that Mr. Smith, which was

words were well out of his mouth was across the square on the market side, where there were no lights, thence, skirting the garden of Bedford house, I made my way into the Strand and home by a pretty direct route. The farther I left the men behind me, however, the higher ross my curiosity, so that by the time I reached Bride lane and had climbed the stairs to my garret I was agape to know more, and for once in my life was glad to find the old plotter in my room. Nor was it without satisfaction that to my eager question, "You gave the note to the gentleman?" I answered shortly that I had

given it to three.
"To three!" he exclaimed, starting up in a fury. "You d-d cur, if you have betrayed me. What do you mean?"
"Only that I did what you told me," I

answered, sullenly, at which he sat down again. "I gave it to the gentleman, but he "The more to hang him," he sneered, quickly recovering himself. "And what did Very little. Nothing that I remember.

the two with him-" "One of them said, 'Tell the old fox,' or "One of them said, 'fell the old lox, of the old rogue, for he called you both, 'to lie close.' And he added," I continued, spite giving me courage, "that you had hitherto spoiled everything you had been in, Mr.

At that I do not think that I ever saw a at that I do not think that I ever saw a man in such a rage. Fortunately he did not turn it on me, for two or three minutes he cursed and swore, bit things and foamed at the mouth, trampled on his wig and raced up and down like nothing so much as a madman, while the impr against his enemics were so horrible I feared to stay with him. At length it seemed to occur to him that the man who could send such a message to him, Ferguson, the great Ferguson, the Ferguson with a thousand guineas on his head, must be a very great man indeed, which, while it consoled him in some measure, excited his curiosity in another and inordinate degree. He hastened to put to me a number of questions, as: What were the two like? And did the one pay the other respect? And how were they dressed? And had either a ribbon or a star? And though in answer I could tell him no more than that the youngest was extremely tall and slight, under 30, and of easy carriage and bearing, and in appearance the leader, it was enough for him; he presently cried out that he had it, and slapped his "Gad! It is Jamie Churchill," he

"It's Berwick, stop my vitals. He had a villainous French accent, had be not "Something of the kind," I answered. Add-ing with as much of a sneer as I dared, "if as not a Scotch one sir."

He took the gibe and scowled at me-he He took the gibe and scowled at me—ne spoke always like a Sawney himself, and could never pass for English, but in his pleasure at the discovery he had made he let pleasure at the discovery he had made he let it nor seek to know it. Such things between it nor seek to know it. Such things between

"See, man," he said, "there are not coming! It is like Monmouth's day over coming! It warrant Hunts down in the Marshes is like a penny ferry with their com-ing over. The fat is fairly in the fire now,



FERGUSON STARED DERISIVELY AT ME

and if we do not singe little hooknose's wig for him I'll hang for it. He is a better man than his father, is Jamie; ay, the very same figure of a man that his cold-blooded, greaseyour-boots and sell-you-for-a-groat uncle was at his age. So Jamie is over. Well, well; and if we know precisely where he was and where he lies night, there are two ways about it! Ye-cs! Ye-es!" And the old rogue, falling first into a drawn and then into allence, looked at me slyly and began to rumon a new treason, unless I was mis-rubbing now one calf and now the taken—rubbing now one calf and now the other, and now dressing his ragged wig with his fingers as he continued to smile at his wicked thoughts, and sat there, the veriest bald-headed Judas to be conceived. In the meantime I watched him and hated him, and meantime I watched him and hated him, and return with you."

On that, and though I did not compressed in the least degree what was required

ever, and whether he was, as I expected, as ready to sell the duke of Berwick as plot with him, he said no more to me on the sublect, but presently went to his own room. Faus left, I thought it high time to consider I stood, being all of a tremble and twitter with what I had heard and seen, and I tossed through the night, fearfully sound-ing the depths in which I found myself, and atriving to gain strength to battle with the account of the the cravat I went back into the room with it in my hand, where I found not any the two I had left, but the girl who had summoned me that morning. The two men greeted the change in me with oaths of summoned me that morning. The two men greeted the change in me with oaths of surprise; the girl, who stood in the back-fury, precisely, so it seemed to me, as Fergusian that day by day was forcing me with ner nead anales. It is the thing," he cried with an oath.

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"It

to pack up my clothes, secure about me the money I had saved, which amounted to thirty guiness, and escape from the town on foot or in a stage wagon without any of his myrmidons being the wiser.

The reguson, you are angry with me," he said.

"And say things you do not mean. Besides you don't know—"

"Know!" the other shrieked.

"Yes, know what my game is."

"I know thio," Ferguson related.

To adopt this course was to lose Mr. whisper. "Who is Brome's friendship and the livelihood which Mr. Smith. And my face set toward Kensington—when at the do you think over my advice."

Last moment there came a tap at my door

At that my master broke out afresh, curslast moment there came a tap at my door

ment I hung over my trunk panic-stricken; then the door opened. I discovered the girl who had intervened once before-I mean at

doorway, and said that Mr. Smith, which was one of the names by which Ferguson went, had sent her to me with a message.

"Yes" I said, forcing myself to speak.
"Would you please to wait on him this
evening at 8, sir," she answered. "He wishes to speak with you."
"Yes," I said, helplessly assenting, and

there was an end of my fine evening. I took it for a warning, and my clothes from my mail, and going down, paid the porter a groat and received in return a dozen por-ter's oaths, and so dismissed him and my plan together.

> PART IX. CHAPTER XV.

It must be confessed that after that it was with a sore shrinking and foreboding of punishment that I prepared to obey Mr. Ferguson's summons, and at the hour he had fixed knocked at his door. Hitherto he had always come to me, and even so and on my own ground I had suffered enough at his hands. What I had to expect, therefore, when entirely in his power, I falled to guess, but on that account I felt only the greater apprehension, so that it was with relief that I recognized, first, as soon as I had crossed the threshold, a peculiar nearness and cleanlicess in the rooms, as if Ferguson at home were something different from Ferguson abroad, and secondly, that he was not alone

but entertained a visitor.

Neither of these things, to be sure, altered his bearing toward me, or took from the brutality with which it was his constant humor to address me, but as his opening words announced that the visitor's business lay with me they relieved lay with me, they relieved me from my worst apprehension-namely, that I was to be called to account for the steps I had taken to escape-and at the same time amused me with the hope of better treatment, since no man could deal with me worse than he had.
"This is your man" he cried, lying back in his chair and pointing to me with the pipe he was smoking. "Never was such a brave plotter. Name a rope and he will sweat. For my part, I wish you joy of him. Here, you sirrah," he continued, addressing me,

"this gentleman wishes to speak to you, and mind you, you will do what he tells you But at that the gentleman cut him short with a deprecating gesture. "Softly, Mr. Ferguson, softly," he said, and rose and bowed to me. Then I saw that he was the last comer of the three I had met in Covent Garden, and the one who had dismissed me. "You go too fast." he went on, smiling, "and

give our friend here a wrong impression of me. Mr. Taylor, I—" But it was Ferguson's turn to take him up, which he did with a bolsterous laugh. "Ho! Taylor! Taylor!" he cried in derision. "No more Taylor than I am Haberdasher!

gentlemen and in these times are neither here nor there. It is enough, and perhaps too much, that I am come to ask you to do me a favor and a service, Mr. Taylor, both of which are in your power."

He spoke with a politeness which went far to win me, and the further for the contrast it afforded to Ferguson's violence. With his appearance I was not so greatly taken, finding in it, though he was dressed well enough, clearer signs of recklessness than of discretion, and plainer evidences of hard living than of charity or study. But perhaps the prayer of such a man, when he

"Pay a call with me." said he lightly. "Neither more than that nor less." I asked him on whom we were to call. "On a lady," he answered, "who lives at

the other end of the town." "But can I be of any service?" I said, feebly, struggling against the inevitable. "You can," he answered. "Of great serv-

stared derisively at me out of a cloud of smoke. It occurred to me then that he was not quite sober; and further that he was no more in the secret than I was. "Devil a bit!" said he again, and more offensively. "You will let me judge of that," said the gentleman. And he turned to the table. Will you mind changing the clothes you these?" he said to me, with a pleas-On which I saw that he had on the table by his hand a suit of fine silk velvet clothes, surmounted by a grand dress peruke, with a laced steinkirk and ruffles to "Pardon the impertinence," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, as if the matter were a very slight one, while I stared in amazement at this new turn. "It is only that I think you will aid me the better in these. And, after all, what is a change of clothes?"

had never worn clothes of the kind. you want me to put them on?" I said.
"Yes." he answered, smiling. "Will you
do it on the faith that it will serve me and trust me to explain later?" "If there is no danger in-in the business,"

Naturally I looked at the things

I said rejuctantly. "I suppose I must." As a fact, whatever he had asked me, with

hend in the least degree what was required of me, I consented, and took the clothes at the stranger's bidding into the next room. where I put off mine and put them on, and presently, seeing myself in a little square of glass that hung against the wall, scarcely knew myself in a grand suit of blue velvet slashed and laced with pearl color, a dress peruke and lace ruffles and cravat. Being unable to the the cravat I went back into the room with it may bear where the

moment and until the stranger had tied the cravat for me, nothing was said that I prise and rage contending in his tone, "I be-understood. Then Mr. Ferguson, getting up and walking round me with a candle, gaz
Her back being toward me I did not see "Only, madam, what I said before," he anscornfully.

And you do not know him?" "Not I—except for the silly fool he is."
"Then, w
"Then you do not know—well, some one you ought to know!" the stranger answered "Madar "You are getting old, Mr. Ferguson,

My master cursed his impudence.
"I am afraid you do not keep abreast of
the rising generation," the other continued,
coolly eyeing the rage his words excited. "I am afraid you do not keep abreast of the rising generation," the other continued, coolly eyeing the rage his words excited. "Come," she said, 'And do you, sir," she "And as for your Shaftsburys and Monmouths and Ludlows and the old gang, they don't count for much now. You must look about you, Mr. Ferguson; you must look about you, Mr. Ferguson; you must look about you and open your eyes, and learn she will cat you?"

"Time was shortlive; or if he could be induced to that—"
"Which he cannot, she struck in impatiently, "He will make no excend slip."
"True, madam," the man answered. "Then there remains only one way which does not depend on him, and which I before indicated; some ruse which may lead both the friends she will cat you?"

I was so engrossed with watching on that and followed public affairs had presented me with only too many examples of the iron port side, and taking every one who looked toward me for an informer, that it was with a kind of shock that I found my two friends had grown in the course of their conference to their conference to their conference to the confer

ping his voice on a sudden to a baieful whisper. "Who is here, and where he lies. Brome's friendship and the livelihood which his employment provided; but such was the fear I had conceived of Ferguson's schemes and the perils they involved that I scarcely hesitated. By noon, an hour which I thought least open to suspicion, I had engaged a porter and bidden him wait below, had made all my other arcangements and in the min.

Brome's friendship and the livelihood which arrangements and the livelihood which arrangement and the livelihood which was the same and the livelihood which arrangement and the livelihood which arrangement and the livelihood which arrangement and the livelihood which was the "So do Tom, Dick and Harry," the other answered, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, and then to me. "Mr. Taylor," he continued, with polithess, "I think we will be going. Light the door, my dear, the livelihood was the livelihood was the same and the perils they involved that I scarcely hesitated. By noon, an hour which I thought least open to suspicion, I had engaged a will be going. Light the door, my dear, the livelihood which is the livelihood with the continued. The livelihood will be given to a supplied the livelihood with the livelihood will be given to a supplied the livelihood will be gi all my other arrangements, and in five min-night, Mr. Ferguson, good night to you, utes should have been safe in the streets with I'll tell Sir George I have seen you. And

and a voice asked if I was in.

It was not at an hour at which Ferguson had ever troubled me, and trusting to this I had not been careful to hide the signs of removal which my room presented. For a moand the dark coach ride and the uncertainty this new adventure. The lights in the room and Mr. Smith's politeness had given me a courage which the dark staircase dissipated, and, but for the hold which my new employer, perhaps unconsciously, laid on my arm, I think I should have stood back and refused to go. Under his gentle compulsion, however, I went down and took my seat in the coach that awaited us, and

with all my curiosity, and look out as I of her chair, and a parrot, vying in brilliance

ever, her pleasure this time was shortlive; or if he could be induced to that—and at that moment a little bell tinkled in a "Which he cannot man, he

wall at one end was partly hidden by a couple of curtains, between which a bare bracket stood out from the wall, I was not slow to conclude that the place had been a secret oratory, and had witnessed many a clandestine mass. I might have carried my observations further, but they were cut short at this point by the return of the woman who, nodding in silence, held the door open for us to pass.

CHAPTER XVL The first to enter, and prepared for many things, among which the gloomy surround-ings of an ascelic, devoted to the dark usages of the old faith, held the first place probability. I halted in surprise on the threshold of a lofty and splendid room, suffused with a rose-tinted light, and furnished with a luxury to which I had hitherto been a stranger. The walls, hung with gorgeous French tapestry, presented a succession of palaces and hunting scenes, interspersed with birds of strange and tropical plumage, be-tween which and the eyes were scattered profusion of Japanese screens cabinets and tables, with some of those quaint Dutch idols brought from the east, which new to me, were beginning at this time to take the public taste. Embracing the upper half of the room, and also a ruelle, in which stood a stately bed with pillars of silver, a circle of stronger light, dispersed by lamps cunningly my seat in the coach that awaited us, and my companion, following me and closing the door, some one unseen raised the steps, and in a moment we were joited out of Bride lane and turned in the direction of the Strand.

Strand. More than this I could not distinguish monkey mowed and gibbered on the back



AND STOOD LISTENING IN PERFECT FORGETFULNESS OF MY PRESENCE.

might: for Mr. Smith, muttering something I did not catch, drew the curtain over the window on my side, and, for the other, interposed himself so continually and skillfully between it and my eyes that the coach turn ing two or three corners, in a few minutes I was quite ignorant where we were or whether we still held a westward direction. A hundred notions of footpads, abduction, Mr. Thynne and the like passed through my mind while the coach rumbled on and rum-bled on and rumbled on endlessly, the fact that we appeared to avoid the business parts of the town and chose unlighted ways having anything but a reassuring effect on my nerves. At length, and while I still debated whether I wished this suspense at an end or feared still more what was to follow, the coach stopped with a jerk which almost

threw me out of my seat. 'We are there," said my companion, who had been some time silent. "I must trouble you to descend, Mr. Taylor. And have no fears. The matter in hand is very simple. Only be good enough to follow me closely and quickly

And without releasing my arm he hurried me out of the coach and through a door in a wall. This admitted us to a garden only. and that so dark, and so completely ob-scured by high walls and the branches of trees, which showed faintly overhead, feathering against the sky, that but for the guid-ance of his hand I must have stood unable to proceed. Such an overture was very far from abating my fears; nor had I expected stoops to pray, is the more powerful. At any rate, I was already half gained when I answered, asking him timidly what I could do for him.

"Pay a call with me" said he Mehtir to consider where we could be, and the pos-sibilities of retreat; but my conductor left me little room for indecision. Still holding my arm, he led me down a walk and to a door which opened as we approached. A flood of light poured out and fell on the pale green of the surrounding trees, and the next moment I stood in a small bare-furnished lobby or ante-room and heard the door chained behind me. "Devil a bit!" said Ferguson, testily, and

My eyes dazzled by the lamp, I saw no more at first than that the person who held it and had admitted us was a woman. But on her proceeding to set down the lamp and look me up and down deliberately, while Smith stood by, as if he had brought me for this and no other. I took uneasy note of her. She appeared to be verging on 40, but was still handsome after a coarse and full-blown fashion, with lips overfull and checks too red; her dark hair still kept its color, and the remains of a great vivacity still lurked in her gloomy eyes. Her dress, of an untidy richness, worn and tarnished, and ill fastened at the neck, was no mean match for her face, and led me to think her—and therein I was right—the waiting woman of some great lady. Perhaps I should, alone, have come something nearer the truth than this, and quite home but Mr. Smith cut short my observations by falling upon her in a tone of anger. "Hang it, madam, if you are not satisfied," he cried, "I can

only tell you—"
"Who said I was not satisfied?" she answered, coolly, still surveying "But-

"Eut what?"
"I cannot help thinking—What is your name, sir, if you please?" this to me.
"Taylor," I said. "Taylor,"
"Taylor?

"Taylor," I said.
"Taylor? Taylor?" She repeated the name as if uncertain. "I remember no Taylor, and yet..."
"You remember? You know very well whom you remember!" Mr Smith cried im-patiently. "It is the likeness you are think-

"No one would have been the wiser." "Well." she said, grudgingly, and eyeing me with her head aside, "it is near enough." "It is the thing," he cried with an oath. "As a Chelsea orange is a China orange!"

with the broidered birds on the wall, hung by its claws from a ring above her head. Nor was the lady herself unworthy of the splendor of her surroundings. For though her face and piled-up hair, painted and dyed into an extravagant caricature of youth, aped the graces of 16, and at the first glance touched the note of the grotesque rather than the beautiful it needed but a second look to convince me that withal this was a great lady of the world; so still she sat and so proud and dark was the gaze she beat on over her clasped hands.

At first it seemed to me she gazed like one who, feeling a great surprise, has learned to hide that and all other emotions. But precently, "Come in, booby," she cried, in a voice petulant and cracked with age. Does a woman frighten you? Come nearer, Ay, I have seen your double. But the lamp has gone out."

The woman who had admitted me rustled forward. "It has sunk a little, perhaps, madem," she said in a smooth voice. "But

"But you are a fool," the lady cried. "I meant the lamp in the man, silly. Do you think that any one who has ever seen him would take that block of wood for my con! Give him a brain and light a fire and spark up those oyster eyes, and-turn him round, turn him round, woman!" "Turn," Smith muttered in a flerce whis-

"Ay," the lady cried, as I went to obey, see his back and he is like enough."

"And perhaps, madam, strangers—"
"Strangers? They'd be strange, indeed be taken in by him. But walk him, walk him. Do you hear, fellow?" she continued, nodding peevishly at me: "hold up your head and cross the room like man, if you are one. Do you think the smallpox is in the air that you fear it so? Ha! That is better. And what is your name, I wonder, that you have got that nose and mouth and that turn of the chin?"
"Charles Taylor," I made bold to answer,
though her eyes went through me and killed

"Ay, Charles, that is like enough," she replied. "And Taylor, that was your mother's. It is it waiting woman's name. But who was your lither, my man?"

"Charles Taylor, too," I stammered, fall-ing deeper and deeper into the lie. "Odds my eyes, no!" she retorted with an ugly grin, and shook her piled-up head an ugly grin, and shook her piled-up head at me, "and you know it! Come near!" and then when 't' dbeyed. "take that for your lie!" she cried, and, leaning forward with an activity 't' did 'not suspect, she aimed a blow at me with her chony cane, and catching me smartly across the shins, made me jump again." "That is for lying, my man," she continued, as I stooped rucfully to rub myself. "Before now I have had a man stopped and killed in the street for less. Ay, that have '!' and a prettier man than you, and a gaptyman! And now walk! walk!" she repeated, tapping the floor imperiously, "and fapty, that you have money periously, "and fapcy that you have money

in your purse."

I obeyed, but naturally the smart of the cane did not tend to set me more at my ease or abate my awe of the old witch, and, left to myself. I should have made but a poor show. But both the man and the woman prompted and drilled me with stealthy eaverness, and whispering me continually to do this and that, to hold up my chin, to lay back my she ilders, to shake out my handker-chief, to point my toes, I suppose I came off better in this strange exhibition than might have been expected. For by and by the lady, who never ceased to watch me with patiently. "It is the likeness you are thinking of. Why, it is as plain, woman, as the nose on his face. It is so plain that if I had brought him in by the front door—"

"And kept his mouth shut," she intermediately also as the said, "among fools, and with his mouth shut! But odds my life" she continued, irritably. "God ha mercy on us that there should be need of all this! Is there that there should be need of all this! Is there no loyalty left in the world, that my son of all people should turn traitor to his lawful king and spit on his father's faith? Sometimes I could curse him. And you, woman," she cried, with sudden fierceness, "you cajo!ed him once. Can you do nothing now, you

"have you nothing to say?" well," she said,

ing at me from top to toe, the other asked him in a voice of some amusement if he knew who I was.

"A daw in the jay's feathers!" said be "asked but the venom in her tone when she swered, smoothly and gravely; "my lord's succession is no longer an laste. The question is he said, slowly, "and if I do? Much good the back into the path of loyalty. To be frank, he is not of the she said, slowly, "and if I do? Much good may it do him!"

Ambiguous as were the words—but not the tone—the man shrigged his shoulders. "Then, what are we waiting for?" he asked irritably.

"Madam's pleasure," she answered. And I could see that she loved to balk him. However, her pleasure this time was shortlive.

either by some indiscretion on his own part of the path of loyalty. To be frank, he is not of loyalty. To be frank, he is n

ord may be still where he is, and unrecon-ciled, I know no head must fall so certainly. Not Lord Middleton's influence, no, nor yours, my lady, will save him "What, and my Lord Marlborough es-

cape? 'Yes, madam, for he has made his peace and proved his sincerity."
"I believe it," she cried grimly. "Ne le
the devil. And his wife is like unto him. But there's Sidney Godolphin. What of

"He has made his peace, madam." "Russell?"

"The same, madam, and given proofs." "But, odds my soul, sir," she cried sharply and pettishly, "if everybody is of one mind, where does it stick that the king does not come over?"

a life, madam," Smith answered. slowly letting fall each word as if it wer "One life intervenes." she cried, sitting up and looking straight before her. "Sits the wind in that Well, I thought so." quarter.

"And therefore time presses."
"Still, man," she said, "our family has lone much for the throne, and his gracious majesty has-

"Has many virtues, but he is not for giving," quoth the tempter, coolly.

On that she sighed and deeply, and nearing the sigh, and seeing how unearly she moved in her chair, comprehended that n old age the passions, however atrong they may have been, become slaves to help others on their aims; ay, and comprehended also that, sharply as she had just rated both the and the woman, and great lady as she was, and arrogant as had been her life whereof evidence more than enough was to be found in every glance of her eye and tone of her voice, she was now being pushed and pushed into that to which she was but half inclined. But half inclined, I repeat, and et, the battle was over, and she persuaded, think, but I am not quite sure that some esenting word had actually fallen from her, tesst she was in the act of speaking one when a soft knock at the door cut short our conference. Mr. Smith raised his hand in warring, and the woman, gliding to the door, opened it and after speaking a word o some one without, returned.
"My lord is below," said she.

It was strange to see how madam's face changed at that, and how on the instant eagerness took the place of fatigue, and hope of ennui. There was no question now of withstanding her, or of any other giving orders. The parrot must be removed because he did not like it, and we fared no better. "Let him up" she cried peremptorily, striking her stick on the floor. "Let him up. ink her stick on the floor. 'Let him up. And do you, Montiret," she continued to the woman, 'be gone, and quickly. It irks him to see you. And, Smith, tomorrow! Do you hear me? Come tomorrow and I will talk. And take away that oaf! Ugh, out with such canaille. Tomorrow! Tomorrow!'

CHAPTER XVII. Desiring nothing so much as to be gone and be out of this imbroglio, and the woman, whom madam had called Montiret, twitching my sleeve and whispering me, I followed her, and slipped out as quickly as I could through the door by which we had entered. Nor even so were we a moment too soon, it I was to retreat unseen, for as the curtain dropped behind me I heard a man's voice in the room I had just left, and the woman with me, chancing to have the lamp, which she had lifted from the table, in her hand at the instant—so that the light fell brightly on her face—I was witness to an extraordinary change which passed over her features. She grew rigid with rage-rage I took it to be-and stood listening with distended She grew rigid with rageeyes, in perfect forgetfulness of my presence, until, seeming to remember me suddealy, she glanced from me to the curtain. and from the curtain to me, in a kind of frantic uncertainty, being manifestly torn in two between the desire to hear what passed and the desire to see me out, that I might not hear. But as to effect the latter, she must sacrifice the former, it did not require a sage to predict which impulse, curlosity incited by hatred, or mere prudence, would prevail with a woman. And as the sage would have predicted so it happened; after making an abortive movement, as if to place the lamp in my hands, she laid it stealthil on the table beside her, and, making me stealthily ign to wait and be silent, bent eagerly to

I take it, it was the mention of her own name turned the scale, for that was the first word that caught my ear, and who that was a woman would not listen, being meu-tioned? The speaker was her mistress, whose words, "What, Montiret?" uttered in a voice little sharp and raised, were as clearly neard as if we had been in the room

"Yes, madam," came the answer.
"Well," she replied with a chuckle, "I do not think you are the person who ought "Object? Perhaps not, my lady mother,"

one of grave yet kindly remonstrance; the voice quite strange to me. "But that is precisely why I do," he continued. "I cannot think it wise or fitting that you should keep her about you." "You kept her long enough about you!" madam answered, in a tone between vexation

and raillery. "I own it, and I am not proud of it," the newcomer rejoined. Whereat, though I was careful not to look at the woman listening side me. I saw the veins in one of he hands which was under my eyes swell with rage in her, and the nail of the thumb grow white with the pressure she was placing on the table to keep herself still. "I am very far from proud of it." the speaker continued,

"You were always a bit of a Puritan Charles," my lady cried. "It may be "I am sure I do not know where you get t from," madam continued irritably, stirring her chair-I heard it crack, and her voice

and for the matter of that-

old the rest. "Not from me, I'll swear.
"I never accused you, madam." That answer seemed to please her, for on the instant she went into such a fit of laughter as fairly choked her. When she had a little recovered from the fit of coughing that followed this: "You can be more amusing than you think, Charles," she said, "If your father had had a spark of your

"I thought that it was agreed between u that we should not talk of him," the man said gravely, and with a slight suspicion of

sternness in his voice. "O, if you are on your high horse," madam answered, "the devil take you! But there, I am sure I do not want to talk of there, I am sure I do not want to talk of him, poor man. Let us talk of something livelier. Let us talk of Montiret instead; what is amiss with her?"

"I do not think that she is a fit person to be about you."

"Why not? She is married now," my lady retorted. "D'ye know that?"

"Yes I heard some time are that she

"Yes, I heard some time ago that she was married; to Mr. Bridges' steward at Kingston. "Matthew Smith?"

"And who recommended him to my husband, I should like to know?" madam

answered in a tone of malice. "Why, you, my friend. "It is possible. I remember something of

"And who recommended him to you? Why, she did; in the days when you did not warn people against her." "It is possible," he answered, "but the matter is twelve years old, and more; and

I do not want to-"
"Go back to it," madam cried sharply.
"Nor to have Montiret about to remind you of it, and of your-wild oats."
"Perhaps." "Perhaps, Mr. Squaretoes? You know it

is the case!" was the vivid answer. "For otherwise, as I like the woman, and now at all events she is married, what is against "I do not trust her." was the answer.

are more straightlaced than they were; and

it is not fitting."
"That for people!" my lady cried with a reckless good humor that would have been striking in one half her age. People! Odds my life, when did I care for people; but, come, I will make a bargain with you. Tit for tat. A Roland for your Oliver. If you will give me your Anne I will give you my

"My Anne?" he exclaimed in a tone of the utmost astonishment. "Yes, your Anne! Come, my Montiret for your Anne!" There was a silence for a moment, and then, "I do not at all understand you," he

gaid. "Don't you? I think you do," she answered lightly. "Look you: "When William king is, William king no "Now, you understand?"

(To be Continued.) COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond Cella Thaxter.

Its tumult and its strife; Because I lift my head above the mist
When the sun shines and the broad
breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow.

Think you I find no bitterners at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold re To cure myself and all who love me' A thousand times more good than I de God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears Kept bravely back he makes a rainbow shine. Grateful, I take his slightest gift, no fears Dark clouds must clear, and when the clouds are past—
One golden day redeems a weary year. Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be I must be glad and grateful to the end. I grudge you not your con and darkness-

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Francis H. Pierpont, who was governor of Virginia during the war, and now is 83 years old, is living at Fairmount, Marion county, W. Va. The "Father of West Viras he is called, has a clear mind and good health. It has been shown that out of 1,000,00

people 225 women reached the age of 100 years, while only eighty-two men completed the century. Just why the women manage to get most out of existence is still an open Calen Clark who has just resigned from the post of guardian of the Yosemite valley,

went there about forty years ago, expecting to die from consumption in a year or two. He is now 83 years old and is vigorous and Samuel H. Harris of Hartford, Conn. whose death at the age of 83 is announced, spent a great part of his life in this city For the last thirty years he held the place of car inspector on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad,

Over fifty members of the Old Boston Schoolboys' association, with their ladies, took their annual outing in an excursion to Nantasket last week. Although a member of the association who is under 50 years of age is a rarity, no veritable school boys of the present day indulged in a holiday with more enjoyment and joility of spirit than hese veteran scholars of former genera-lons. The most conspicuous member of the exsociation present was Mr. J. D. Jones, tons. who has reached the patriarchal age of by years. He was a "school boy" in Boston in Ferdinand Rodliff has completed the sev entieth year of his employment in the Hamilton mills at Lowell, Mass., and the remarkable, if not unparalleled, anniversary was celebrated fittingly by his co-workers and the management. He began in a mill in Seckonk, Mass., his native town, when 7 years of age, and worked from 5 in the morning until 7 at night for 50 cents a day. He was appointed overseer of spin-ning when 17 years of age. At 20 he was general overseer of the Hamilton Manufac-

turing company, and he now holds the posi-tion of assistant superintendent there. One of the oldest and most respected citizens of Buffalo was Henry Martin, who has just died at the age of 94 years. He was native of Connecticut, and came to Buffalo in 1848. He at once took a prominent place in the business and social life of the straggling, but growing town. He became president of the Attica & Buffalo railroad, and later of the Cleveland and Toledo railroad also. In 1856 he was elected president of the Manufacturers' and Traders' bank of Buffalo. a position which he held for thirty years. During his active business life he was a director of eighteen railroad companies. John Frederick Deutch, who celebrated his 100th birthday last week in Burleson county.

Texas, says that he was a soldier Blucher's army, and saw the great poleon several times. In speaking of the matter on his birthday, he said: "I was greatly disappointed, for I only saw a pale, fat man, whose face looked as if it had been chiseled from marble, whereas, I suppose, I expected to see a great giant, with physical attributes wonderfully different from other men." "In 1813." he added, Blucher was simply a great military commander with an ungovernable temper, and noimated by the most intense and bitter hatred of Napoleon. In 1814 he was a roaring, howling, incarnate human demon on horseback. When the campaign opened he roared as he mounted his war horse, 'Nothing can stop me from hanging him this time if I lay my hands on him.' And that very if I lay my hands on him.' And that very threat is the secret of Napoleon's rapid flight to Paris and his imbecile conduct after Waterloo. He was afraid of Blucher, and well might he have been.

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A Denver wedding was delayed several hours by the nonarrival of the bride. In ex-planation of her absence she said that Frank the bridegroom, told her at 2 o'clock "that if I could work out the fifteen puzzle before we were married, I should be best for a year."
"And did you do it?" "Yes, I worked it
out; but, oh! my head!"

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